

ORGAN GRINDER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

On His Daughter's Birthday Wilhelm Rushed Out and Dragged in Johann Spiegel.

COURT MUSICIANS WERE DRUNK

Spiegel Played and Was Decorated "Grinder to His Majesty."

The greatest freak of modern times is the Emperor Wilhelm. He has an ambition to come down in history as a monarch as capricious as Peter the Great of Russia, as autocratic as Napoleon, as progressive as Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, as much of a lady-killer as Henry VIII. His thirty-eighth birthday next month will find him many of these.

He decreed a warship last June. In July he painted a picture, which is now on exhibition. He wrote an opera in August and personally conducted it, with an orchestra, aboard his private yacht. He invented a dance in September and danced it in the palace with the prettiest of the maids of honor. In October he fished and made the greatest catch ever brought up in the waters that flow past the summer castle, and later in the same month he led a hunting party and out-rivaled the greatest shot of Oscar of Sweden.

CAPTURING A GRINDER.

But the emperor's greatest achievement was reserved for his latest one. On this occasion he crowned his eccentricities by appointing an humble organ grinder.

"Grinder by special permission to his majesty the emperor!" It came about in this way. A couple of weeks ago the little daughter of the household had a birthday. The child is the beloved little Victoria Louise, born in 1892, and the youngest of the Kaiser's seven children. She is the only girl, and her birth was made the occasion for mad rejoicing throughout Germany.

From the time of his daughter's birth the emperor has looked upon this girl baby as a fairy queen. The astrologer on her natal night—the Kaiser is a noted astrologer himself—predicted that her life would be passed in a meteor-like succession of brilliant events. So far their predictions have been verified. And to render the child's life more spectacular, the Kaiser has secured nothing for her amusement. The little princess have been brought up in a staid way, but the little princess has led a life that is like a tale too brilliant for words.

On the child's birthday morning the castle was awakened by a chorus of mechanical toys playing and squeaking in unison. Mechanical kittens meowed, dog barked, cows mooed and pandemonium was let loose.

Inside the castle there was the wildest rejoicing. Reports of the unusual celebration were carried to the Kaiser's grandmother, Queen Victoria, and the queen called back to know the cause of the joy. Her ancient old royal highness supposed there had been a betrothal of the crown prince and she had not been notified. But it was only the birthday of little Victoria Louise, a flaxen-haired miss who can walk and run, but has very broken German and English.

"When the hour came for dinner the lord chamberlain of the household approached the Kaiser with hanging head. 'Your majesty,' said he, 'there is no music for dinner.'"

"Impossible!" shouted the Kaiser, stopping in his tracks with the children. At that moment, Joseph, aged six, was riding upon the imperial back, and Oscar and Augustus, aged respectively eight and nine years, were holding both royal arms in tight clutch by means of leather harnesses. "Where are the court musicians?"

"Your royal highness," hesitated the

chamberlain, "the wine that was distributed by the generosity of her majesty the Kaiser has—has—"

"Hum!" cried the emperor. "Then I shall have an organ-grinder to play for us. We will not be without music at dinner."

Snatching the hat of the chamberlain off his head, the Kaiser rushed through the corridors of the palace and out the great front gate. A far off from the entrance, playing on the corner of the street, stood Johann Spiegel, a dirty-faced organ-grinder, who played an old-fashioned organ resting upon a stick, and whose humble instrument had no pretensions to the new-time finish.

"I want you!" cried the emperor to Johann, catching him by the shoulder. The organ-grinder gazed at his wild, strange visitor. "What is the matter?" he gasped.

One of the royal guards, overtaking him at this moment, whispered to Johann. "Other guards come flying up. In the midst of them stood the emperor, delighted at the organ-grinder's confusion. 'Come with me!' shouted the imperial master, dragging the half-dead-with-fright Spiegel by the shoulder. 'You can now want you to play for the birthday feast of his daughter.'"

Like most musicians, Johann Spiegel thought himself a great performer. And by the time he had reached the royal dining-room he had accepted the situation with great sang froid, and was ready to play his music to the emperor.

One of the servants, noting the ragged condition of the man's clothes, moved a floral screen in front of him. But the emperor waved it away. "If he is good enough to afford amusement for us he is good enough for us to see his face."

That settled it. A private cable says that the couched-couches was one of the list. Loehring's bridal chorus another. The Lorelei third, with "God Save the Emperor" in variations with "America," and the "Marseillaise."

The Kaiser enjoyed it immensely. All through dinner the royal family, and to the tune of Johann Spiegel's organ, and after dinner the Kaiser had all brought into the drawing-room. Here the ladies in waiting gathered around the organ player, and the assembly took on a very social tone. Six little girls, the children of the nobility, danced with the Kaiser's child to the notes of his music.

But it was quickly noticed that the Kaiser was walking up and down restlessly at the back of the salon—his usual attitude when an idea was occurring to his mind.

"I have it!" he suddenly shouted in German. "We shall have an orchestra. You, Johann, shall play the tune, and we will accompany you on different instruments."

And to the six boys and they scattered in all directions, making for the music hall. In a minute they returned, each carrying an instrument.

Upon the crown prince's stalwart fourteen-year-old shoulders was strapped a drum. Prince Edith-Frederick, thirteen years old, carried a cornet, while Augustus and Oscar each had a violin, first and second in the orchestra. Joseph, the youngest boy, had a horn, and little Victoria Louise was given a toy drum.

With Johann in the foreground, and one of the ladies playing the piano, the strange orchestra began, with the emperor leading. In one place where the music was going very smoothly he laid down his lute and cantered to the couched-couches for the repository of the hand organ was limited—he danced.

The din was so overpowering that the Kaiserin with her ladies withdrew to the rear of the salon, and at this move the emperor handled the baton more vigorously than ever. Was ever a concert so great a success?

It was 8 o'clock when the concert ended, for dinner had been at 3 that day. And Johann Spiegel was dismissed with his pockets full of gold. He had played for the Kaiser, and on his breast there was a broad ribbon stitched with this writing in the Kaiser's own hand: "Grinder

by special permission to his majesty the emperor."

"What next?" was the ejaculation of the Reichstag members when they were informed of Wilhelm's latest. Their previous experience with him had been with a drinking horn when they were his guests on the hunting trip. The cup is so fashioned that a man cannot quite get it to his lips. The Kaiser, to attract his guests, and calling his guests to him separately bade them drink his health. One by one the grave and dignified statesmen raised it to their mouths only to be drenched with wine, while the Kaiser held his sides with laughter.

Here hebel, the new Reichstag member, says Wilhelm is crazy and should be taken care of. But there are different opinions about this.

His admirers say he is trying to make a mark in history. Others maintain that he is trying to live the merriest life ever enjoyed by man. That he will make a mark in history anyway is not open to doubt.

HARVEY LINCOLN.

HUNTING THE OSTRICH.

Profitable Sport, But Likely to Lead to Extinction of Species.

Paris, France.

An ostrich chase is very attractive sport; or rather the chase of body is so great as to attract hunters. The ostrich is hunted in its native land, the Sahara, and in the desert, where it is able to quickly traverse the almost limitless expanse.

The Arab knows very well that it is the habit of the ostrich to make great detours about its nest in a circle. He chases it then without ceasing until it is almost there, when he shoots it.

It is not in vain that the ostrich is hunted in the desert, where it is able to quickly traverse the almost limitless expanse. The ostrich is hunted in the desert, where it is able to quickly traverse the almost limitless expanse.

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SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

Domestic Life in Bethlehem in S. S. McClure in McClure's Magazine for December.

I went to Bethlehem several times, returning usually toward dusk. I constantly met the "Bethlehem men," as they are called—mechanics, masons, carpenters, laborers—returning on foot from their long and hard day's work in Jerusalem.

The hours of labor in the East are from sunrise to sunset, and these men would leave Bethlehem early in the morning, and after walking the six miles to their daily task, work all day and walk back at dusk to their late and scanty supper. The younger men looked worn out; the older men seemed to have lost all strength, and their eyes frequently looked dull and almost glazed.

I was invited to visit a family in Bethlehem. Their home was on the second floor of a building. It consisted of a single room, about fifteen feet square, with a concrete floor, and not a single article of furniture except a wooden stool.

The room was clean, but there were no windows, and the window-sills were low and broad, and were used instead of chairs. There were little cupboards built in the wall, which held the food and the few dishes. At one side of the room was a larger recess, perhaps a fireplace, and there were a few chairs.

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THESE PEOPLE POSE AS MODERN MYSTICS

Men and Women Who Claim to Be Healers and Messiahs.

SCHLATTER AND HIS TYPE

Koreans, Angel Dancers, and Ascensionists—France, Mexico, and the United States as Fields for the Latter-Day Prophets.

This year will probably be put down in history as remarkable for its immense crop of spiritual leaders, prophets, and messiahs. The excitement over August Schrader is the latest manifestation of the craze.

Men and women who claim to possess divine power have appeared in dozens of the most famous cities of the world, and while some have been charlatans of the blackest type, earnest workers, who really believed in their own powers and in a "heavenly mission," have been plentiful enough to put the stamp of legitimacy on the general excitement.

These are the types of the prophets and healers contained within the second group. The assumptions of its members are more modest. Ferdinand Stutzke of New York, leader of the apostolic Christians, is undoubtedly sincere, but his recent prophecies concerning the end of the world were a little far-fetched, as we are still awaiting the final act.

He explains the slip, however, by saying his calculations may be wrong as far as the exact date is concerned, but that the final deliverance will be sooner. One of the conditions of his oracular decree is that the bad will be destroyed by food or other agents, while the good will be transported through the air to a paradise land situated somewhere near the North Pole.

Vol. Andros, Rogers, was a colored prophet, whose failure to foretell the judgment day accurately left his devoted followers in many instances without visible means of support. They sold their property and made some trouble for the authorities of some Georgia towns that arrested him to be made in some cases. They were generally told, however, that if the ascension took place all would be well, but if it did not Rogers' followers would have to go to jail.

The last group includes, as mentioned above, George Clark, Manley Rawson, Larabee, Dr. Patrick Delpont, Prof. Zavis Shavino, Derrin and Shavino, who have both fallen under the searching scrutiny of local medical societies. The others are simply magnetic healers, with varying powers for influencing the minds of their followers, and they can be dismissed with that description.

But taking the craze as a whole, and at the same time considering the recent paralytic tests, the immense amounts of money contributed at revival meetings, the number of devil worshippers abroad, and the occult increase in necromancy works devoted to occult science, it must be confessed that a decided wave of mysticism, religious and otherwise, is pervading the general atmosphere.

These people, generally speaking, may be separated from prophets in that they seldom lead religious organizations. The greatest of them, however, are not content with the publicity they receive. To this class belong Schlatter, Vimes, Bill James, and Hammond.

In the group of sect leaders who claim to be the absolute Messiah are Blumenthal, Dr. Cyrus Teed, Rogers, and Wilhelm. Healing with them was, or is, a side issue; something necessary to their continued popularity. The prophets who believe themselves divinely gifted, but yet only the agents of a higher power, constitute a third group. Among them are Stutzke, Rogers, Miller, Conson, Sandford, Dolores Luiz, Lida Nelson, Bradley Newell, and the boy Paulin Delpont, whose belief in the power of his own mind, as a parent, to make his children do as he pleased, has been mentioned, such as Larabee, Rawson, Derrin, and Shavino, form a group which is indescribable in some respects. They have not sufficiently declared themselves to warrant definite characterization.

The first group is somewhat entitled to respect, inasmuch as its members have all passed through the all powerful test of having refused a money consideration for their services. Simple, in every case, of the humblest extraction, sympathetic and modest, the judgment of the just upon them must always include the fact that their intention is honest enough. But a second group, while bedecked with romantic features, must be looked upon askance. Teed, who was formerly known as the "Chosen Christ," has become an absolute monarch in a small way. To his followers he is a veiled prophet, and is obeyed as such.

He owns Estero Island, in Lee county, Florida. The inhabitants are known as "Koreans," his mansion is named "Bethlehem," and his converts, who, by the way, left their former husbands to become "queens of the colony," is known as "Victoria Grace House."

To be a Korean means degrading slavery as far as the subject is concerned. Every person who joins the sect is required to sign over body and soul to the high priest, who must henceforward be regarded as the actual incarnation of Jesus Christ.

Teed is supposed to be able to create or destroy at will, and the two laws of the island—worship of Teed as God and blind obedience to his will—are never departed from by the inhabitants. There is no marriage in Bethlehem, sense of the word, and all children born into the colony are taught to believe that Teed is their father. Teed claims to be a healer and says he can perform any of the biblical miracles. The economic features of the island are well conducted, and a manufacturing plant and newspapers, the Evening Star and the Evening News, are carried on. Teed says he is to ascend to Heaven, and is even now said to be preparing for his trip to the "New Jerusalem."

Believe he will conduct the affairs of his colony at long range. Meantime his followers, men, women and child, work in the field when fitted for the occupation or not, and groan and hope for the deliverance, which they are told is very near.

On the other hand, the "Lord's Farm," the present spelling of the name, particularly the initials "P. R." is said to have a biblical or at least a mythological significance. This sect practices no ceremonial observance. Not even Sunday is recognized. Every day is supposed to be a Sabbath. The sect now owns the farm which once belonged to Herman Storms. It is now a nonentity in the sect, and has had all of his protestations against the doings of the members overruled. He is very

old. His family believe implicitly in him. One of the sons is a Rutgers College graduate and a civil engineer. The colony numbers fifteen men and women. "Unceasing submission to God" and the "continual casting out of the devil" are the principal tenets of the faith.

At times, however, this becomes troublesome, inasmuch as the devil may get into the house, which must be destroyed, or into the room, from which he must be driven, the driving being performed by means of a sheet which the members catch and stretch across the room as they walk toward the door. This, of course, is only a new form of exorcism adapted to fit the ideas of the modern adepts. Mason also contends that he is able to heal by the laying on of hands, but regards it as a subordinate office seldom worthy of practice. He is a man of striking appearance, of great magnetic power, and zealous in the performance of his queer religious duties, yet by his own words he is held long to a certain class of criminals operating in New York City.

Alexander Bedward, the negro who healed the waters of Hope River in the West Indies and had thousands of followers, was once the inmate of an insane asylum. He was also sentenced to two years in prison for using "highly seductive language." He escaped, however, on a technicality and is rapidly growing rich on the proceeds of his schemes. Being the "Prophet of the Most High," he claimed to make the waters of the river heal through the efficacy of prayer. Thousands of negroes bailed in the stream. The sick, the well, the halt, and the blind all fought for a place to bathe, and it is said that the general excitement has caused the propagation of much disease. The water, however, remained blessed only while Bedward stood by. When he went away its healing power went with him. This plan enabled him to collect a new fee every time he came.

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A CORK LEG FESTIVAL FOR VETERANS IN GRAY

G. A. R. Man Proposes to Present Artificial Limbs to Soldiers of Southern Army.

NO WARRIOR COULD DECLINE

New Leg So Marvelous That Old Ones Are Cumbersome and Unwieldy.

A most delightful notion was made before a Grand Army Post at a recent meeting. It was set forth by a one-legged veteran of the war, and it was to the general effect that the G. A. R. present wooden legs to the legless veterans of the Southern army.

It is not to be supposed that Southern veterans cannot supply their own legs, or that they all are in need of them. But there have been improvements lately made in the artificial leg industry that render all legs of more than a year's standing ancient and capable of much improvement. And it is thought the purchase of a supply of these new and highly improved ones would be a chivalrous move on the part of the G. A. R. The Grand Army Posts, buying in quantities, could purchase them much cheaper than men could individually. The whole move would be a step in the direction of chivalrous conduct which the North is criticized for lacking, and would prove to North and South that there can be high chivalry both sides of the line. After all, there would be a grand general reunion.

BEST LEGS IN THE WORLD.

There is no country in the world that pretends to make cork legs as they are made in Argentina. This is a natural product of the cork tree, and is used by the Argentine Republic, from Russia, and from that home of science, Germany, to get legs here. The finest legs are turned out after patients kept exclusively for trade this side of the ocean. These legs are lighter, more supple and fitted with appliances that make them wonderful mechanical skill. Each leg is made to order, and it takes two men one week to complete a good limb.

The most remarkable thing about the artificial leg trade is that those who are engaged in it wear false legs or arms. They purchase these by exchange with their own substitute limbs. The largest retail place in New York has two partners. One wears two wooden legs, the other a wooden leg and a wooden arm, being touched, starts another, and this moves a third, and there is a system of natural way that the wooden leg as in a natural limb.

Some of the limbs have cords and pipes running down their interior. These communicate with the toes, and a wooden legged man can stand on his toes, dance, promenade, run, jump on a chair with either foot, and sit with his leg doubled up under him.

In the matter of false arms he is even more fortunate. There is a pneumatic attachment for a wooden hand that opens and closes the fingers. In the vest pocket on the other side is a rubber ball. And this or being squeezed opens the hand and closes it, operates the fingers and allows every movement.

A man with two wooden arms can eat at the table with knife and fork. He opens and closes his fingers by springs that are operated with the shoulder blades. He can reach in his vest pocket by muscular movement of the shoulder, close his fingers upon a cigar by a twist of the shoulder blade, and take out the cigar and light it.

People excel in the use of artificial limbs in proportion as they practice. It is like any other mechanism.

RIDING A WHEEL.

Riding a bicycle is simple for a legless man. He gets a pair of \$300 legs, with which he can hop on a wheel and ride until dawn's day. His knees never get tired. But in learning he must be careful, or he may snap his limbs off short. In springing he is just as lucky. His legs literally carry him along.

Metals are not as well liked for artificial limbs, legs and arms. They are apt to break, and must be carefully handled. Willow is the wood that stands the most wear and tear, and there are other durable woods.

Vain men like silver and gold machinery, and this brings the price of legs very much. No one is supposed to know the legs are wooden, much less that they are fitted out with silver and gold clasp, but you cannot argue with a veteran. If he wants a gold time he should have it.

JAMES BARTON.

VERY INTRICATE.

The mechanism in a wooden leg is more intricate than that in any other known machine of its size. Connecting with the stump of the leg there is an attachment that is ball-bearing like a bicycle. This gives a very fine rotary motion to the leg, and a natural way that the wooden leg as in a natural limb.

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